

## THE BLOOMFIELD CITIZEN

## A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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TRANSIENT NOTICES, FIFTY CENTS FOR EIGHT LINES, EACH INSERTION. FOR LARGER SPACE AND PERMANENT RATES, APPLY AS ABOVE.

The primary meeting for the election of four delegates to the Republican Convention to nominate a candidate for Governor, was held on Friday evening too late for any report of its proceedings to appear in this issue of THE CITIZEN. The Democratic nominee is already in the field, and if the Convention which meets on the 19th makes a strong and popular choice of its standard bearer, the Republicans may have something more than a fighting chance of taking New Jersey out of the Democratic column.

## THE GOVERNORSHIP.

The Democratic Convention on Thursday nominated Hon. Leon Abbott of Jersey City as its candidate for Governor. Though the selection was made on the second ballot, Mr. Abbott is by no means the unanimous choice of his party. Three years ago he was a candidate, and then, as now, held the votes of a sufficiently large number of delegates to make his nomination certain. But he was driven from the field by the threat of his party associates to defeat him at the polls.

His record is not a good one. He is known from the Hudson to the Delaware as a man destitute alike of character and reputation. He is familiar with all the worst methods of a Hudson County primary as well as of the Trenton lobby, and he has, nowhere more bitter enemies than within his own party.

The Democrats have elected the Governor in New Jersey continuously since 1865, when Marcus L. Ward defeated Theodore Kunyon. This has been accomplished partly by the fact that they have under all ordinary circumstances a majority of about 3,000 votes at their back, but also because they have nominated men of good character, who were men of ability and public experience. Their candidates have been Joel Parker, in 1868; Theo. F. Randolph, in 1871; Jos. D. Bedle, in 1874; Geo. B. McClellan, in 1877; and Governor Ludlow, in 1880. Even Republicans feel a pardonable pride in such a list, and we have yet to hear the first charge against the private character of any of those gentlemen.

Leon Abbott is a very different man, and the dignity of the office must suffer if he succeeds at the election. The better class of Democrats can easily defeat him, if they choose to do so. But November elections are two months off, and a large amount of pride can be swallowed in two months.

The question now of greatest concern is, Who shall be the Republican candidate? Their nominees have not always been men of great ability or lofty character. A party which threw away the nomination upon Cornelius Walsh, John I. Blair, and Wm. A. Newell must do something to convince thoughtful people that it really cares to win.

The nomination of Hon. Fred'k. A. Potts, in 1880, was in every respect satisfactory, and the voters of New Jersey showed their appreciation of him by pushing his vote up to within a few hundred of that for Gov. Ludlow. It is confidently believed that but for the corrupt influence of the railroad companies he would have been elected. Mr. Potts would, undoubtedly, receive a larger vote than any other Republican if he could be induced to run again this Fall. But it is scarcely fair to insist upon his taking the nomination against his expressed wish, especially as his election might be uncertain.

Let the Convention, at least, name a candidate whose character will not need to be defended from the start.

The poem on our third page was written by the late Rev. Dr. Bacon, of New Haven, nearly sixty years ago, but has never, it is believed, appeared in print. It has been placed at our disposal by the courtesy of friends, and we are glad in this manner to preserve it in a more permanent shape.

NEVER run into debt if you can find anything else to run into.

## THE LIFE OF A DAILY NEWSPAPER.

On Monday, the third day of September, the New York Sun had reached its fiftieth birthday. It appropriately presented to its patrons a facsimile of its earliest issue, and this, with its half century of history—occupying its first page—is now before us. It forms such an admirable commentary upon journalism that we cannot pass it without a word or two.

Mr. Benjamin H. Day, its first printer and publisher, issued three or four hundred copies of this initial number from his little job office at 222 William Street. He was a man with no capital behind him, and one boy and a hand press were his only support in the work. Starting at a cent a copy, he filled his first issues with bogus advertisements, unpaid because reprinted from other journals, and inserted merely to give an appearance of prosperity. But in a single year the subscription list ran up to 10,000.

The paper originally was very small. Its realm of news was also limited. But it devoted itself to two things—cheapness and current information—and it became a financial success. Mr. Day—as Mr. E. P. Mitchell tells us in this veracious history—"had the wit to perceive that local news is always interesting. . . . His local news was energetically scissored from the columns of his esteemed contemporaries, or else picked up about town by the editors, compositors, and carriers of *The Sun* wherever they chanced to encounter it." But as time went on, the strictest attention needed to be given to condensation and the saving of space, the getting of much news into small compass.

It will surprise some readers to learn that between August, 1860, and December, 1881, *The Sun* was purchased and put under the care of Mr. Wm. C. Conant to be run as an "evangelical daily." Its efforts in that line were probably without a parallel in its previous or subsequent history. But only its current numbers and "good will" appear to have been sold out. Its "fixtures" and its true inwardness were still unregenerate, and the experiment was a failure. New York has seen two similar ventures and with a like result—the founding of *The World* and the transplanting of the *Daily Witness*.

As we read the columns which detail this progress from the three hundred copies of September 3, 1833, to the two hundred thousand which were attained three times in 1881, they prove very instructive to a journalist. They confirm the principles upon which the Weeds and Greeleys, and Bennetts and Raymonds, of our newspaper press have made their success. They show us that such papers as the *Times*, the *Tribune*, the *Herald*, the *Journal of Commerce*, and the *Post*—together with many others—became financially prosperous in the same manner as the *The Sun*. A newspaper is a great entity. If it is bright, and agreeable, and entertaining—if it gives us news and helps to form our opinions—if it neither prosers nor twaddles, it will be forgiven for many sins. Enterprise, good humor, newness, are essential to its prosperity.

We might add to this that the newspaper of to-day has a shrewd way of getting at the drift of its constituency, and of publishing what they want to read. This of itself is vital, and this is secured by the freest sort of welcome to contributors of opinion, or of criticism. And as every victorious enterprise is worthy of study, it is pleasant for us to be able to overlook some low levels in journalism, while gazing at the sunny summits of success. The dynasty of Day, Beach, and Dana has certainly become firm upon the throne.

## THE CENTURY'S RECENT PORTRAIT OF ROBERT BURNS.

A CURIOUS history attaches to the portrait of Burns in a recent number of the *Century Magazine*. It was related to an editor of THE CITIZEN, and is substantially as follows:—

Quite a number of years ago, a literary lady, who was a friend of R. H. Stoddard the poet, gave him a daguerreotype of Burns. It purported to be taken from a miniature painted when he was very young, and which had been in the temporary possession of the lady's uncle during a suit in law. This daguerreotype Mr. Stoddard generously made over to that omnivorous literary gentleman, the late James T. Fields. Later it was given by Mr. Fields to Mr. Barrie, the artist, as having come from Mrs. Beggs, the poet's sister. This picture was the original of the recent engraving. But the singular thing is, that the same lady subsequently gave Mr. Stoddard a duplicate of the daguerreotype, and this he still has to console him for his previous loss. It yet remains to be shown where and what the original miniature may be. How is it likely that such a curiosity could have perished? And, in default of it, is there not some suspicion thrown upon the authenticity of the *Century* likeness?

To the *Sunday Call*, of Newark, and some other papers from other places, greeting: THE BLOOMFIELD CITIZEN is grateful for the appreciative clipping which has been extended to it. But THE BLOOMFIELD CITIZEN would respectfully suggest that a trifle of credit to the source of news is always just, and may occasionally be pleasant to the people who industriously collect the same. And this is also to indicate to those who think that the *Sunday Call* "contains all the Bloomfield news" how that journal comes to possess it.

## [SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE BLOOMFIELD CITIZEN.]

## Letter from Switzerland.

Under the dome of the Greek Church in Jerusalem tourists are shown a spot which the monks soberly declare marks the exact "middle of the world." Whatever unsympathetic doubts one may have in the matter are strengthened by the discovery that the Latins are endeavoring to fix a rival locality for the same, in the next division of the voluminous old building.

For many years Interlaken was vigorously claimed as the precise center of the Bernese Oberland. But of late Lucerne disputes the honor, and insists that its quaint towers are the center of all Switzerland, and that includes everything from Constance to Chamouni. And it is likely that the hurrying multitudes of Americans, just now pouring through these towns—seventy-two of whom departed from our Hotel des Alpes this morning—would, if they were polled for their preferences, remind most of us of the ancient story concerning the choice of drives in England. In that historic instance, it will be remembered, the wager was laid, the tour was secretly sketched on paper, and then, when the answers were unrolled, one read: "The finest ride in England is that from Coventry to Warwick;" and the other read: "The finest ride in England is that from Warwick to Coventry."

So here; ask for the most beautiful excursion in all beautiful Switzerland, and one thousand would say: "Start at Interlaken, drive to Lauterbrunnen and there see the Staubbach waterfall, sail up to Brienz and there see the Giesbach, then go over by the Brunig Pass to Lucerne;" and the next thousand would say: "Start at Lucerne, and go up the Rigi, then drive over the gallery of Axenstrasse to Fluden, and come back by the boat, then go over by the Brunig Pass to Interlaken."

No one will be disappointed in either of these routes. The glory of Interlaken is the Jungfrau and the Lake of Brienz; the glory of Lucerne is the Rigi and the Lake of the Four Cantons. Which is the finest, on the whole, depends on one's preference for grand mountains of snow, or bright waters of crystal. The Scotch have a proverb, which says: "Baith is best."

Last night, while poor sublimity people were busy at the table d'hôte, there came a quiet signal through the dining-room. No one knew exactly who started it, but it acted like a beckon. The guests started silently, a score at a time, for the front door, which looks out upon the eternal mountains rising round about this little Jerusalem. There stood the suddenly disclosed figure of the Jungfrau—the Young Maiden of the Alps—in all her indescribable majesty of beauty, white as silver, but fitfully changing the hues of her garment of light, from a glitter of brilliance to a subdued blush of pink and rose, deepening into violet and purple, as the setting sun flung his colored fires into the air. Never was anything on earth more exquisite.

Then somebody in the throng said, "That makes me think of the curious lines of light on the Lucerne Lake last week, as we looked down upon it from the Rigi Kalt Bad; the hues were stretched across the water like level rainbows!" So the amiable strife comparison ran on; and those who had been over the Brunig murmured, "I told you so," and those who had not—went in to finish their meal with the mental resolve to start for it next week.

But just then we heard another voice, remarking, with an unmistakable cadence in the pronunciation, "Let's buy the mountain and take it home!" It was easy to say where that speaker came from.

Our American people travel too fast. It would be better for them, every way, if they would content themselves with less reach of surface, and so secure more depth of meaning. One can give a whole month to this neighborhood, and then return restful and full of beautiful visions and memories. The Oberland never appeared to better advantage, in every respect, than it has during these fine days of brightness in the last week and this.

To-morrow is Sunday, and all decorous tourists settle to repose. Some of us are thinking over old times, and singing to-night, softly, to ourselves, some of the home songs. And we all believe, and we all declare, there is no country like our own on the whole earth. It is the best place to live in in the world. The skies are clearer, the hills are dearer, men are braver and more considerate, women are cared for more tenderly and better deserve to be, friends are truer, heaven is closer, than anywhere else under the stars. And, for one, I would be ready to claim that New York city is the centre of the universe, if I did not fear the demand would be quietly denied by the good people of Bloomfield.

CHAS. S. ROBINSON.

Interlaken, Switzerland, Aug. 25, 1883.

OUR advertising columns contain a notice that the residence of J. W. Potter is offered for sale by Dennis Osborn & Co., the new owners. We are informed that, so soon as this has been sold, Mr. Osborn contemplates the erection of several small houses on the Franklin Road. That part of the town needs but little pushing to receive its share of the tide of improvement, which seems now to have been fairly started in Bloomfield.

"I THINK," said a fond parent, "that little Jimmie is going to be a poet when he grows up. He doesn't eat, and he sits all day by the fire and thinks and thinks." "You had better give him an oil bath," said Aunt Jerusha. "He's going to have the measles. That's what ails Jimmie!"

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